Full many a time, in the days gone by,
I have passed my hand o'er my cheek—
Ody cheek once so soft and so ready to blush)—
To try "Do my whiskers leak?"

And if I felt roughness I straightway hied (Be the morning or sunny or bleak)
To the artist in hair, who, with razor and soap,
Would cunningly "stop the leak." But, alas, those old days are for me passed

(The thought makes me nervous and weak)— haven't a dime in the whole wide world,. Yet my whiskers continue "to leak."

Yes, yes it is driving me slowly mad-Street gamins (with glances collique)
Greet me loudly and oft with the chestnut old-Say, cully, yez whiskers loak!"

And oft, in the times when I knew "what was What,"
When all the world seemed at my beck, On leaving the opera the gamins would shout, "Say, mister, please give us yez check!"

And little I thought, in those moments of wealth, When I'd silver and bills by the peck, That the time might arrive when the theater

well wait around for a check. But, alas and alack, I am down on my luck-

A moral and physical wreck— And, to-night, at the doorway, I heard my own Saying, "Sir, may I ask for your check?"

UNITED IN DEATH.

BY W. A. PHIL.

"Well," said Tom, in reply to my re-peated and imperative request to be told how it happened, "if you must know, I will have to ask you to go back in mind to the little but glorious old Green Mountain State, and to go some dozen miles out from Montpelier, into the township of W. You know the lay of the land well, as it is an old fishing ground of yours. As you pass through, or about, the huge bowlders of the 'Devil Land' you suddenly come to an opening and a view of a beautiful lake, from which the land recedes in a gentle, smooth, rising slope or elevation, till a mile away it reaches high hills thickly covered with timber. Several houses of good size are near the lake and cross roads, at which place a very pretty white church and school house is built. Coming out of 'Devil's Land' abruptly and gazing down upon this lovely valley, it certainly reminds one of paradise, or a vale of happiness, peace and

"On the right end of the lake lived good the church, and, indeed, needed a pillow during services. He farmed his broad acres, doated on his 'thorbred' stock of cattle and sheep and Morgan Blackhawk horses; his granary was full, as was his pocket-book and bank account. He lived in the old green stone house built years ago by his ancestors; he was comforted and blessed with wife, two sons, and a daughter of seventeen, and this daughter was lovely as a pink rose, and good as she was beautiful. She was a complete puzzle to the old Deacon-a puzzle he could not solve with his hems and haws, or 'cording to no hoss rules of his'n!' She was just as great an enigma as ever was produced in the woman line. It was a sore puzzle, as well as a sore spot in the old Deacon's heart; he fretted morn and night about her. And not unconscious of this Ethel pursued the even line of her life, learning all they consented, and the Colonel was in the musical accomplishments and Biblical his high jinks spirits. The fatal night about our different comps during the last I, as well as others, recognized the man in lessons with astonishing rapidity. Her biscuit and bread were of the whitest and lightest, and, if they tickled the old Deacon's 'taster' and pacified his stomach to such an extent as to allow him to doze and snore in his easy chair in the corner by the chimney, her music would startle him from his semi-conscious state with the belief that he was entering heaven's gate and being welcomed by angelic causic. He was often found in the library gazing at the old painting of one of his lady ancestors, to whom Ethel bore a strong resemblance. After looking long at this portrait he would turn away muttering, 'I fear, oh, I fear! not one who ever bore that face has escaped awful trouble!

"About half a mile east of the old Deacon's lived William Harrington. You know that large brick house, with immense red He also was great on 'thorbred' stock and maple sugar; he also owned a saw mill and sent thousands of dollars' worth of lumber to market. His farm joined Lyman's, even to the mountain top. He had two daughters and two sons; his two daughters had married the Deacon's two sons, so the families were by these ties -closely united. Harrington's eldest boy, Willie, was a tall, good-looking boy, an excellent specimen of a son of Vermont. He was the best athlete in the township, a fine scholar, a good worker, and level-headed. The Deacon often consulted Major Harrington to urge Will to marry Ethel, but to this arrangement the lady and the Major strongly demurred. Yet there was an excellent understanding between the two. Now I have told you just how things were

up to 1860 and now-Now trouble begins," said Sandy.

"Shut up, sir; or I quit. No interruption, Walt, understand? The winter of '60-'61 came, and with it the Grand Social and Scriptural Play at the church for the benefit of the township poor, and pay for preaching. Rehearsals were going on, and afterward brave men and beautiful women walked homeward, enjoying the New England winter's moon, and crisp, invigorating atmosphere. It was amusing to see the country boys earnest and eager in their desire to be Ethel's champion on the homeward walk. They gathered around her by the dozen; her admirers were many, and she graciously gave each a recognition. Well, things had come to a pass that an instructor was wanted to polish up the voices in the chorus, etc. A letter was dispatched to Elder Peabody, but no reply had yet been received. Deacon Lyman was up the Montpelier turnpike looking at his maple orchard, but now sat moodily meditating about the sociable and its outcome, and why Elder Peabody did not answer his letter as a good, upright Christian man should, when there came to his ears the words of a song that sends a thrill through the veins to the heart of every New England man, especially a Vermonter. In this instance the Deacon's jaw dropped, and his ruddy face paled and eyes flashed. His blood seemed to recede from his heart as the clear, peculiarly sweet voice came floating on the breeze to his ears. The words were sung with an emphasis, an unctuous intonation, never dreamed of by the sim-ple-minded yet shrewd Deacon. The singer drew near and ended his song thus:

"Others may seek the western clime: They say 'tis passing fair;
'That sunny are its laughing skies,
And soft its balmy air.
We'll linger round our childhood's home
Tfil we die in old New England,
And sleep beneath her cloud-capped granite Hurrah for old New England, etc.

"This is our own, our native-

"'Hello, old boy! What the dence's the trouble? Weeping! Folks use you bad?

"Yes, the song had struck a chord in the Deacon's composition that brought tears like rain from his eyes. He wiped them away, and dried his eyes with his table."

"Good God! Tom it is a like to be away, and dried his eyes with his table." ered cotton,' and turned to look at the new

piercing black eves, curling black hair, and white, even teeth. He laughingly intro-duced himself as Lawrence Leydham, sent down by Elder Peabody to instruct the amateurs, etc., taking part in the sociable. In a half hour he had good-humoredly ingratiated himself into the graces of the Deacon, and in a half hour more was installed in the Lyman mansion as a guest. In twenty-four hours he had fallen deeply in love with Ethel; in forty-eight hours he was her slave; at the close of the successful sociable he proposed and was rejected, and he laid the cause of his defeat to Will Harrington, who had the day before successfully hunted and killed a bear, and was the hero of the Corners, and praised greatly by sweet Ethel. The next day an encounter took place between Will and Mr. Leydham;

left town, threatening to get even and that revenge was sweet. "Again the Corners settled down to its old-time sleepiness, and was not disturbed till the awful news of war and call for men to defend the Union. We all responded. Our company was full to a man, and waited for acceptance. I will pass over the parting, which is said to be so sad, yet so Everyone left with God's blessing invoked upon his loved head. Will and Ethel, now lovers, parted with vows of love and lasting fidelity, and I honestly believe

it was said Leydham drew a kuife upon Will;

however, Leydham was badly whipped, and

Will then got his first kiss. "Well, to curtail this recital, let us suppose a couple of years have passed. You find us a tough lot of humanity. We are rough, sunburned, full of jokes and droll ideas; we are cooks, chambermaids, etc.; we have bullet marks upon us, and lead in our bodies; danger and battles have become a pastime; life is a fleeting vision we do not take the trouble to solve or bring into thought as a reality; it is simply pos sessed to-day, lost to-morrow. Will Harrington has been our First Lieutenant for eight months. Over there in Company K was Second Lieutenant L. Leydbam. many ways he did meanness to Will, and we often warned Will that Leydham only sought a good opportunity to do him a fatal injury; but Will would not listen. His frank, honest disposition and fearless nature scorned all meanness, and he averaged others by his own measure, a poor plan. You knew our Colonel, and what a fanatic he was in way of getting up camp theatricals doing the composing and hero biz himself as he calls it-'lifting up the morale of the soldier.' We had hardly bivouacked here and got things in apple-pie order be-fore the visionary Colonel's 'ukase' was posted demanding a bush house to be made as a 'Coliseum' and weekly exhibitions to be given. He had one ready for 'the boards, 'Devotion, or the Traitor's Fate! old Deacon Lyman, who was a pillar of What was it? Well, a mixed-up lot of trash. A spy; a zealous captain captures him; he is doomed to be shot; the execution, from which his sweetheart tries to save him in vain. Then the Colonel makes his great closing mor-ale speech on duties of a true soldier and punishment of spics;

etc., etc., ad infinitum. "The Colonel was to personate a General (a much coveted rank); Lieutenant Leydham, the zealous captain: Will Harrington was the spy; but who was to personate the mother and the sweetheart? was a puzzle to the Colonel. That night the Deacon, his wife, Ethel, who had been visiting Washington, had come over to see their sons and Will. As soon as the Colonel diers from adjoining camps of all grades had to appear and request a cessation of applause. The play went on; the spy was captured, tried, and condemned; the Colonel as Judge passed sentence, rea loyal man, in consideration of his honor condemn you to be shot.' Here followed some duets, etc., and then a file of soldiers marched in, halted in line, and ordered arms. Everything being ready for the execution, the prisoner was ordered to be brought in. There was some delay. Will had from some cause been suddenly attacked with cramps, and was unable to arise. Ethel rushed into the room and exlong coat. I will take your place,' and soon between the guards she was marched to her doom. When she was placed in the proper position she said in her gruffest tones to the soldiers, 'I am innocent; fire at my heart!' Lieutenant Leydbam, with white lips and face, with trembling limbs, in a tone almost voiceless, commanded. 'Fire!' A sheet of flame and smoke shot out of the guns, the spy took a couple of steps backward, then steadying herself, threw off the disguise and revealed the horror-struck face of beautiful Ethel. Blood was trickling weeks. As last, at Fort Heil, or Sedgwick, from her bosom. She turned to Leydham, and pointing a once-beautiful hand, now mangled by bullets, exclaimed: 'You vil-iain! Vile murderer! O, Willie!' and fell

"Great God in heaven!" Keep still, Walt; let me finish. I must skip details of scenes of grief, for I am unable to adequately tell what followed. I Lieutentant Putnam: will say I bounded upon the stage like a tiger, and struck Leydham insensible to the floor, and, turning in fury to the Colonel, I cried: 'Murderer! did you plot this?' To my surprise this man, who was brave as the bravest, and had stood like a rock in a dozen hard-fought battles, stared at me and my angry face, rolled his eyes, and, with

dead upon the stage floor-

a gasp, fell fainting at my feet. "I ordered every one out, and, tenderly lifting the body of Ethel, carried it to the dressing-room and-well, the Colonel and tried by bribes, coaxing and threats to find out who put the bullets into the guns. We hired the best detective we could, and

up to this time we are in the dark, but I alost know that Leydham is guilty. "Will was prostrated, and, I think, his senses or sanity paralyzed, for he has remained in a complete silence, recognizing like her should fill a higher and better position of a woman, and suddenly appeared before she would be treated like a lady, etc. After a Will, but he only smiled. I went to Lieutenant Leydham's quarters. Sandy, here, was on guard. My phosphorescent light nearly scared him to death, but he soon understood it and called lendly for 'Officer of derstood it and called lendly for 'Officer of the gnard!' Leydham appeared at the door, and as soon as he saw me he threw of a month he had so bewildered and up his hands, with a cry of Ethel! and beguiled her ignorant mind by promises sank like a dead man on the ground. One and entreaties that she had consented to free. night about three weeks ago, the rebs made a night attack on the picket outpost. We were hurried forward and quite a battle ensued, and in changing our position for a charge into the timber I was surprised to hear the familiar voice of Will encouraging the men to be cool and steady! How he came to us no one seems to know. In the charge that followed, I saw Will go down with blood streaming from his face. We rushed forward and drove the enemy back, but on searching care ully no where on the

a solemn oath if I live and Almighty God comer, who was a tall, broad-shouldered gives me an opportunity, I will kill Leyd-young man, with a very dark complexion, ham on sight, and—"

"No more, Walt! There are here in camp a good hundred men who have sworn to the

"Yes, I am one," said Sandy. "I tried it twice, but failed. I think the Colonel would like to have done it himself, but you see Leydham was too slick. He did his duty correctly and promptly, and gave the Colonel no chance to 'keel-haul' him. He made no confidant; he kept his own coun-sel. Yes, it was a fearful thing! The Deacon's prophetic foreboding as to Ethel came true. It cured the Colonel of his theatrical craze, and he figures no longer as the 'finale hero' for speechifying; he is a changed man. But, my Lord! at what a sacrifice, and what a fearful deed!"

The next day I rejoined my comrades, and a few weeks later came the grand movement which crushed out the war, and did not again see Tom for many months. In one of the engagements I was badly wounded and sent home to die or recover. After a time, under the care of tender hands and loving hearts, my sufferings gradually ceased and I was convalescent. I grew strong and longed to be back among the battle-scarred and tried heroes, to share their danger and hardships, and participate in the brilliant movements and fighting around Petersburg. I read and re-read all accounts, I saw the names of many of my friends among the wounded and killed, and I knew promotion awaited me—maybe a Major's or Colonel's engles were to be mine. The terrible "South Side battles" were reported, and among the wounded were the names of Tom and Sandy. I groaned, with my heart full of sorrow and sympathy, as I read their names and prayed that they were not seriously hurt. Three weeks later I had, as I often did, seated myself upon the postoffice steps to read the papers-I seldom received letters, but I watched the mails in hopes of receiving my orders to report for duty-but, instead of reading the lines on the paper. my mind slipped into a reverie and visions of the past; the trouble, sorrow, hardships and daugers, floated before me upon the paper in my hand. I was aroused from this meditation by a powerful slap on the shoulder and a hearty voice crying: "Officer of the guard, arrest this man for

sleeping at his post. I jumped to my feet, turned, and found myself facing and looking into the twinkling eyes of Tom. As I held out my hand to greet him he extended his left, and then through our ranks. We were covered I noticed that his right arm had been am- | with the blood of our comrades. Great putated at the elbow. A sharp pang of pain went to my heart, and inquiringly I touched the empty sleeve. He answered, tersely, "South Side." After our greeting was over I invited him to my home. He accepted, saving, "I have something to tell you;" and when we were seated in my room he continued, thus:

"A few weeks after your visit to our camp we began, not the 'On to Richmond,' but the 'On to Victory' march. I will not bother you with details of our marching, countermarching, and flanking, without re-treats. Old Grant said we had never fought our battles through, but now he was giving us a chance, if it took all summer; and tell you it was the business end of bayonet and musket that spoke. After one of these engagements, which had been short and fierce, also bloody. I was fortunate in finding a Confederate Captain who had been wounded, and fainted from loss of blood. Contrary to rules, regulations and orders, I took him to my quarters and cared heard of their being in camp he rushed for him, he pledging his word to be honorout after them, and persuaded them to able, and not to report anything: I gave take part in the coming theatrical event. him a suit of blue and part of my blanket. came; the bush house was filled with soi- | year, and I mentioned our winter quarters. He asked me if I was in the picket attack and rank. The lovely Ethel, beautiful as fight. I told him 'Yes, and in that a rose among marigolds, captured the hearts of all the audience. Her songs were of Harrington.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Harrepeated time and again till the Colonel rington, a tall, fine-looking young fellow. marking: 'Sir, as a traitor and spy, you him. When I had finished he said he should be hung; but as your aged father is knew where both Will and Leydham were him. When I had finished he said be imprisoned, just out of Richmond. that night of the picket outpost fight I had been hurt in the leg and fell to the ground. The regiment passed on and was soon back, but rallying, they drove you Yanks back into the wood to the left. this time I recovered and was about to rejoin my company, when I discovered a tall, dark man spring upon another man who seemed to be wounded. The dark man claimed. Let me have your hat, boots and was knocked down twice by the wounded man. On the last knock-down he had found a bayonet and with it he sprang at the wounded man and would undoubtedly have killed him had I not interfered by capturing both at the muzzles of two ugly looking revolvers. I then learned that Harrington and Leydham were their names. They were marched to Richmond and are there confined!' Well, after considerable trouble I arranged I received the signal, and before morning I received poor Will, a perfect wreck, into my arms and the embraces of his company. After we had cared for him a week he began to regain his strength, and, on being asked about Leydham, he shook his head, and handed me a letter from Captain

> "DEAR SIR-After a long delay caused by circumstances unexpected and your relead Leydham, I am at last able to fulfill my promise to you in regard to Mr. Harrington's escape and return to your army. "Without much trouble I found my way to Richmond and to the place where Harrington and Leydbam were confined. On my arrival I found the place in a furor of excitement caused by a hellish deed of Leydham's. It appears that all the sound, able-bodied men had been ordered to report to the front for duty, thereby leaving the crippled and maimed to care for the prisoners. The work in and around the the prisoners. The work in and around the house was done by wenches. Among the lat-ter was a beautiful mulatto giri of eighteen whose duty was to carry in rations to the eral prisoners and sweep the halls. Among her prisoners Mr. Harrington and Leydham occupied separate cells. To this mulatto giri Leydham paid particular attention, praising her beauty of face and form, and saying one like her should ful a higher and better position while she began to talk to him, and it was evi dent she had failen in love with the villain, and soon he confessed his love for her and entreated her to be careful of herself and be true to him till after he was exchanged, and then and fly with him to the Northern army, where she was to become his wife. The night came, and all arrangements were completed, the de-luded but devoted girl came in with a bag of rations and an old dress and shawl. Thes Leydham donned within his cell; then the de voted girl unlocked the door and entered his cell. She drew from under her dress a long ugly knife and handed it to Leydham. With a loving light in her dark, tender eyes, she put her hand upon his shoulder, and said, 'Kiss me good by, lovey,' This seemed to turn him into a demon, for he grasped her by the throat and plunged the knife into her trusting, loving heart, exclaiming, 'Kiss you, marry you, you yellow hag, never!' And then with a fearful curse he threw the body into a corner and passed out of the cell, locking the door, and going to the cell of Harrington he raved like a mad man, saying, 'Only for the fact that the memory of Ethel's murder by the bullets I put into the musket to kill you, keeps you in unspeakable anguish and sorrow from self-accusation, I would kill you; but live en and

Sinclair. Here it is: read it:

mourn!' He then hurried away. This see was witnessed by Mr. Harrington and Michael Donovan. Mr. Harrington had no objection to Leydham's escape, but was dumfounded at the hellish deed. Donovan's loss of voice made him powerless to give an alarm. Where Leydham went to has never been discovered be is vet free.

he is yet free "Now, Mr. Putcam, there are alleged hor-rible crimes committed by Southern soldiers I ask you as sold or to soldier to search the annals of our army, our prisons, and see if the records have chronicied, or hearsay re-ports, a more bellish deed than this committed by one of your New England Puritans. I pause for a reply.
"Allow me to inadequately thank you for the

kindness you did me in my troubles. I shall never forget, I can never repay. God bless and protect you. Yours, EUGENE SINCLAIR."

"Merciful God! what a fiend! Yes,

Tom, Sinclair is right -"Hush, Walt; listen! Again Grant shoved us to the left, and when we arrived at our battleground, behold! Mr. Lee had his men intrenched behind earthworks, and they welcomed us, as usual, in the old way, with rattle of musketry and roar of cannon. one bour's time there ensued one of the fiercest and bloodiest engagements of the campaign. Charge after charge was made to dislodge Mr. Reb, but he fought and hung on with unreasonable and unheard-of tenacity. Their volleys were deadly; they pelted us as fiercely and rapidly as musked and cannon could possibly be loaded and discharged by brave, experienced soldiers. Ah! what a day!

"The fern on the hillside was splashed with And down in the corn, where the poppies gr-w, Were redder stains than the popples knew; And crimson-dyed was the river dood.

"Again we were formed in line for

charge. We were in line and dressed to the right. The Colonel walked slowly down the front of his small brigade, and with compressed lips pointed to the enemy, and said: 'Boys, can't we do it this time! Don't let it be said that Vermonters ever failed! His few words thrilled us. looked into the sun-browned faces of my comrades, and oh! how my heart ached for them. What glorious heroes they were, and now to be sacrificed, just for the sake of stubborn determination to possess a valueless earthwork! 'Forward! double quick! came the command, and we rushed forward with cheers and yells. Like the fury of hell the cannons roared and canister tore gaps were torn through our ranks, but we reached the earthworks. Again the Colonel urged us onward, and we drove the enemy back to his artiliery. Here they were reenforced and drove us back to the rifle pits. where we resolved to 'do or die.' Once more we swept the field, to be once more beaten back in an exhausted condition, and at the rifle pits, still in our position, we rested, and then, with a deep breath and resolute in determination to conquer, we went forward right into the fire and flame of muskets and cannon. With redoubled efforts we succeeded in driving the Confederates from their position, and Will was the first to plant the old Pine Tree flag upon the first line of works. With victorious cheers we pressed on, and at the second line we met a stubborn resistance. The conflict became hand to hand. Muskets were clubbed, stones and broken gunstocks were thrown, and we swaved back and forward. Twice had Will saved my life, and now he was cheering us on right into the heart of the enemy. As he stood upon the last line of works cheering us forward, a man sprang up from behind a spite of his disguise as the cursed fiend, Leydham. Half a dozen of us tried to shoot him. I shot once, but in the press of re-enforcements we were pushed forward

and separated from that part of the field "Well, why repeat the scenes of that fierce and bloody battle? We won the day, but, ah, how dearly! In half an hour I was back to the place where I saw Will last searching for him I found my old captive, Captain Sinclair, and asked him if he had seen Will and Leydham. He fe-bly answered, 'Yes your shot saved Harrington and broke Leydham's shoulder. They are down in the timber.' I stayed with Sinclair till he died. I then started for the timber, about a quarter of a mile to the right. In going there my route passed a large tobacco barn. On reaching it I had to pass around it, and in turning the corners I abruptly came face to face with Lawrence Leydham-

"And you killed the devil?" "Hold on, Walt. No, I did not touch

"What?" "Hold on. Keep your shirt on, and list n. One end of the prolong rope of a gun carriage was thrown over the limb of a chestnut tree; the other end was passed through the lunette ring and around the elevating screw, and then wound around the body of a man who lav beside the gunwheels, his hands clutching with a death grip the rope, his lips slightly open with a triumphant, exultant smile, and his fast death-glazing eyes fixed upon the black, distorted face of a man who, with feet just escaping the ground, dangled at the end of the prolong rope thrown over the limb. Both men were dead.

"The one at the end of the rope was Lawrence Leydham. "The one who had hung him, and wound the rope around his own body to doubly prevent any failure of the death of Leydham or his falling before death ensued, was our poor Willie. How he managed to do this, wounded badly and weak as he was, I am unable to explain, but it was done, and surely done. He had conquered

the fiend and hung him, and Ethel was avenged. For a long time I sat silent. Many, many things passed through my mind like half-forgotten dreams. I walked over to Tom. grasped his hand, and exclaimed: "I, too, loved her, Tom, but - Thank God! thank God! You have not acknowledged all. You helped more than you have told. Thank God, old man! And God bless you always."

Bald Heads and Brains.

Miss Annie Oppenheim, answering my question concerning the sort of hair that denotes intellectual power, says: "There is not any kind of hair that denotes intellect, the former being an animal matter." Eut Miss Oppenheim "firmly believes that bald-headed men are the most that way inclined, they having through the exertion of their brains exhausted all that is animal in their nature." The explanation is ingenious, but is not convincing. I know some bald-headed men who are fools. -London Figaro.

Where She Acquired Ambidexterity. Stookly-It's a splendid thing to be able to use your left hand as well as your right. My wife can do it. She strikes just as hard a blow with her

Blodget!-Indeed! Where does she Stookly-Taught in the public schools for three terms!-Cleveland

Go Your way, and don't bother about your neighbors. A man never peeps through a keyhole without finding out

THE WESTERN BOOM.

St. Joseph, Mo., Still Leading All Competitors in Real Estate Deals and the Acquisition of Substantial Enterprises.

The most noticeable real estate activity continues to prevail at St. Joseph, Mo., says a correspondent of an Eastern paper. Packing houses and other industrial enterprises, among them the Louisiana To-bacco Works, are going in at a lively rate; one of the chief evidences of the growth of the city being the granting of a tranchise to a syndicate of Kansas City capitalists for the construction of an ex-tensive system of cable lines, to be commenced at once, and to cost \$300,000. The best evidence, however, is in the showing of actual transactions closed in one week recently: W. A. P. McDonald bought 99 lots in Eastern Extension for \$10,500. sold 54 of them for \$10,700, and sold balance at an advance of \$20 per foot in cost. Sam Nave and J. S. Britton bought a lot in Patee's addition for \$2,000 and sold for \$3,000 in four days. W. H. Constable bought lot 2, block 54, St Joseph Extension, for \$300, and sold for \$550. J. S. Blackwilder, of Chicago, bought eighty feet, southeast corner of Third and Sylvanie, for \$14,000, and has been offered nearly double that for it and refused it. J. M. Hill paid \$7,000 for northeast corner of Second and Francis, and has since refused \$18,000. C. W. Brown bought two lots on St. Jo-seph avenue for \$1,900, and sold in six days for \$3,000. John Kelly bought two lots in Eastern Extension; he paid \$600; in thirty days he sold for \$500; it has since been resold for \$1,200. J. F. Tyler bought a lot in Eastern Extension for \$125 and sold to Hubbard for \$500, who has since been offered \$700. L. E. Carter bought a lot in January in Kemper's addition for \$700. In three days after he was offered \$1,000, and since then \$2,000. He bought four lots in Robidoux addition for \$4,000; sold for \$6,000, and his purchaser sold for \$8,000. M. Brewster bought three lots for \$500 and sold for \$1,150 in three days, and in four days they were resold for \$1,400. G. Griswold bought six lots in East St. Joseph for \$200 and sold the next day for \$750; also three others for \$200 and resold in three weeks for \$1,000.

One of the publishers of Hoye's Directory, speaking of the Western cities and the prevailing boom, writes as follows of St. Joseph, where he has just issued the Di-rectory for 1887: "Not only has St. Joseph increased in population at a most satisfactory rate, there being an increase in one year of 5,846, while the total population in round numbers is shown to be 60,000, but she has undergone a spirited revival that augurs the outstripping of all competition. Ten years ago the city had scarcely a dozen manufactories, whereas the year '87 finds her with some 170 of all kinds, with thirteen railroads, the largest stockyards west of Chicago, some thirteen miles of streets, paved with asphaltum, and as many miles more under contract, with the electric motor soon to be in operation on two of the car lines, and the cable line an assured fact, and new enterprises springing up daily on every hand. The demand for real estate has been steady and active. For the past year St. Joseph has led almost continually the other cities of the United States in bank clearances, the per cent. of increase over 1886 reaching in one case 140.7, and up to date maintaining an average of almost 100. Down to Dec. 31, 1886, St. Joseph's jobbing houses did a business of \$110,539,-000, showing an increase in the business of 1886 over that of 1865 of \$23,111,028. A may be sought in the fact that St. Joseph now employs a force of commercial trav-

elers numbering 1,013 men." St. Joseph, more than any other Western town, offers the best inducements to men of small capital to commence a manufacturing business, and to mechanics and laborers to find employment and build desirable homes.

The Science of Noses.

The nose, we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is the result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turn-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiments. Finally the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true, it is evident that people who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or, rather, they must wear false ones .-Pall Mall Gazette.

Merely a Coincidence.

"I am sure," remarked Mrs. Finfrock who keeps roomers and boarders, "that you will like the place very much, Mr. Adams. My boarders are always cheerful and happy. The scenery is so very cheering. Really, the outlook is inspiring."

"I have no doubt your house is a very pleasant home. As I am looking for such

a place, I will come out and see it. Please direct me to it." "It is very easily found. Take the green line to F street, and change on the white line, which you leave at J street. Then walk seven blocks down Q street and you are there. Just before you get to the home you will see Mr. Reed's sign. He is the undertaker. Then just on the other side of the marble yard is the office of Dr. Dwiggins. It's right there. You can't

miss it." "Is there a cemetery near by?" "No, sir. What do you mean?" "Oh, I just thought it would make such a happy combination of all the professions necessary for the proper disposition of your boarders after you were through with

Teo Suggestive.

A horse made a dent in the basement of Mr. Softman's trousers, and in consequence he was confined to his home for several days. On convalescing he entered the parlor and found it ornamented with several gilded horse shoes and embroid-ered "good luck" tidies. "What are those things for?" he asked of his wife.

"For ornament, of course," she plied.

"I don't like them," he returned, as he placed his hand beneath his cost-tails.

"Why?" "They are too suggestive."

HUMOR.

WHAT is vinegar without a mother? It is orphan very poor.

THE boys always take the girls out. and the girls often take them in. Such

is life. WHEN are flower seeds like the French? When they are germinating (German-hating).

A LEARNED seal in a traveling menagerie is said to be making an excellent impression.

WE often hear of the man who thinks too much of himself. There is no man who thinks too much of himself-in his own mind. "WE will sing the three hundred and

twentieth hymn," said the ministor at the close of a pathetic funeral sermon. "It was a favorite of the remains." It is not so much in knowing when to stop talking as it is in knowing how to keep from talking at all that hu-

man wisdom manifests itself. - Boston PEOPLE who don't know what a toboggan slide is can get a pretty accurate idea by dropping a banana skin at

the head of the stairs and then stepping on it. PERONELLA MAGUFFER writes to inquire, "What is the fugitive verse?"

ugitive verse, nowadays, Peronella, is that which makes the author a fugitive from avenging editors. A LITTLE boy on returning from the theater was asked: "What piece did

you see at the theate , Tommy?" "I don't know. It was a piece where they shoot at fruit." He hal been to see "William Tell."—Texas Siftings. "My dear," he whispered, softly, as

they seated themselves on the toboggan, "if on the way down I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you do if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said. THERE is nothing that breaks up a

dude so much as the discovery that he has been idolizing a ballet girl-making attempts to write sonnets to her, thinking of her by day and dreaming of her at night-who is the grandmother of the young man who is the "boss of the gang."-Boston Courier.

Eastly recalled: "Can you recall the names of those two friends, my dear," he said to his wife "whose affection was so great that one offered to die for the other? Da—Da—the first begins with a D." "Oh, yes," said the lady, placidly, "you are thinking of Dan and Beersheba."

"Young man," he said, in solemn tones, "don't you know that if you persist in drinking you will never get a head in this world?" "Won't get a head?" repeated the young man. Why, my dear sir, your ignorance surprises me. I'll have a head on me to-morrow morning as big as a barrel.' - Chicago Ledger.

A CHESTNUT "TURN OVER." The "funny man" we do detest

It she had to stand on her head. 'actionios if it is not pour act and A joke (7) so aged, stale, and hoary—
—peat Aprents a out mood sigh.
The same old weary, dreary story

Suppress of states and set set seems of the west seems of the seems of i mous of son instal ones sufficient seems of the seems o

A FARMER, hearing that money was cheap in the city, came to see about it. He entered a bank, called for the cashier, and said: "Mr. Cashier, is it true that money is abundant and cheap?" The cashier answered in the affirmative. "Can I get some?" "Certainly," replied the moneyed man. "Well, just lend me \$100 for six months." The cashier said: "You can have the money-we have plenty of it-but it is necessary for us to have collateral.' The farmer winced, and responded: Collateral! What the deuce is that?" The matter was explained. Then the planter of the soil, illuminated on the subject of political economy, with a broad grin rejoined: "Ah, I see how it is, Mr. Cashier. Money is plenty and not high, but it's this blanked col-

-Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. How to Become Happy.

lateral that is scarce and hard to get."

Some good things are heard now and then in the elevated railroad cars, and the advice of a noted physician to a young man who complained of nervousness, loss of vision, night sweats, and a poor appetite, which was overheard by a reporter, is one of them:

"Throw away your cigarettes and eat a good bowl or mush and milk for your breakfast," said the learned doctor, "and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn is essentially an American institution. As the staple food of 'our daddies' it can really be said to have helped to lay the foundation of this great Republic. With its product, the hog, it was, in the not very remote past, almost the sole food supply of the rural districts, and the dishes that can be prepared from its various forms are of much greater variety than can be prepared from wheat. Like Sambo's rabbit, it is good to losst, to bake, or to boil, and can be fermented and turned into whisky, but its stimulating qualities are best procured by making it into a mush. It contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating, and is easily assimilated. Though originally the poor man's food, it has come to be the rich man's luxury. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread, and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime-water may be added, will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision, and give you sweet and peaceful sleep".—New York Mail and Express.

It is not what a man has seen but what he has read that makes him learned. It is better to know one great mind than it is to visit three great countries. The wisdom we get from books broadens the mind; the experience we derive from travel sharpens the wits.— Arkansaw Traveler.